

—Mr. A. D. Bruce, of Mingo, is preparing to move to Lewisburg.

—The dry weather having come, very little is heard now of the proposed side-walks for this town.

—Mr. McNair, the popular agent of the Clifton Forge Grocery Co., spent Sunday in Huntersville.

—The Beverly races on the 4th attracted a good crowd from this county.

—Withrow McClintic, Esq., is building a large barn on his Burgess place, and has a force of Marlinton carpenters at work.

—There is not a lawyer in town this week. They have disappeared to take a short rest from their arduous labors.

—This town will be quite lively with the teachers who will attend the summer normal commencing on July 15th.

—Lewisburg will have a fair as usual this year. Among the many features will be a tournament, for which many of the boys of Greenbrier are practicing.

—The Pocahontas bar is composed of seven resident members. About that number of county boys are looking forward to preparing themselves for the practice of law.

—The court-house furniture is now coming in, and it bids fair to be in keeping with the elegant structure which is the wonder and admiration of all visitors.

—This is the week of the wheat-harvest, and wheat is exceptionally good for this country. It seems to be well filled, and it is thought will thresh out exceedingly well.

—In Harrison and adjoining counties the drought has been such that owners of fattening cattle were compelled to turn them into their meadows and feed them grain to keep them fat.

—County Court convenes the 9th inst., coming unusually early in the month. Doctors, road surveyors, and court-house men take notice. The Court will probably be in session several days.

—A recent issue of a Piedmont journal contains an interesting sermon preached by Rev. C. F. Moore by invitation before the G. A. R. Post, June 23d, on Ephesians 6: 13-14.

—“O, what did the little boy do? At nobody wanted him to? Didn't do nothin' but rompan' run, An' whoop an' holler an' bang his An' bust fire-crackers an' 'st [gun An' 'at's all the little [have fun—boy done.”—J. W. R.

—Mr. S. W. Holt is making extensive additions to his storehouse property preparatory to making it his residence. When finished it will make one of the most convenient and desirable homes in the town. J. A. Sharp is the contractor.

—George W. Ginger and bride stopped over night at the Pocahontas House. The customary “serenade” was nipped in the bud by there being sickness in a neighboring house. The wedded couple went to Addison on their bridal tour.

—Bass-fishing is very good at present. Good fisherman can catch fifteen or twenty in a few hours and do it with great regularity. The out and out sportsmen use artificial flies and expensive tackle, and have very little use for those who stoop to conquer by using bait.

—A merchant was seen coming out of the commons with a cow. He drove her down the street asking every one he met “Ish this my cow? I don't know if it ish my cow!” Next day the cow came back with a big “P. G.” painted on her flank, and since then there has been no fear of mistaken identity.

—The justice case of P. Golden es. D. W. Sharp, before Squire Cook, was decided in plaintiff's favor for \$20 and costs. The case attracted considerable local interest. Sharp filed offsets amounting to several hundred dollars, alleging breach of contract. Lawyers McClintic, Bratton, and McNeil figured in the case.

—The elevation of the various points in Pocahontas, according to the geological survey, is as follows: Spruce Knob, 4730 feet, Mace Knob, 4700; Gibson's Knob, 4600; Marlinton elevation, water level, 1269; Huntersville, about 2500; Edray, same. Marlinton is in latitude 30 degrees 13 minutes, longitude 80 degrees 70 minutes.

—Alex. Armstrong and Frank Cumberland were carried away last Saturday morning towards the penitentiary, heavily ironed and well watched by three officers. Armstrong left protesting his innocence. Cumberland had nothing in particular to say for himself. The jailer found where Armstrong had been trying the bars of the cage with a case-knife.

—DIED: Last Thursday, an infant son of G. F. Crummet, two days old.

—A lengthy petition will be presented to the County Court next week to open up a road from Downey Hacking down William's River to the Webster line.

—When the hay crop is short it is a good idea to plant a field of corn so that it may be harvested as fodder. It will grow in two or three months and make excellent feed. Mr. Levi Gay is experimenting with millet this year and has a large field looking very promising. An acre of millet will go as far as several acres of good hay.

—Mr. Floyd Moore, son of Mr. C. L. Moore, of Brown's Creek, was severely injured a few days since by a falling limb, several ribs were broken, and severe bruises besides. It is reported that he is doing well, and hopes of speedy recovery are entertained. This sad occurrence took place near Davis City, W. Va.

—A warden arrived here last Thursday from Weston for Geo. Gardner, the young man whose mind became unbalanced lately, and who has been confined in the jail at this place for some weeks. Gardner seemed to be very willing to go, but the keeper put straps on him, saying that lately he had had an innocent looking charge jump out of the wagon and almost give him the slip.

—Clifton Forge has been much excited over incendiary fires the past week. On June 24 the office of the A. F. Withrow Lumber Co. was burned and a large quantity of lumber destroyed. The loss is estimated between two and three thousand dollars. J. Arthur Kenaley, sleeping in the office, barely escaped with his life. There was difficulty in saving the store of the Clifton Forge Wholesale Grocery Company. In it was stored much gunpowder, and until it was removed there was great alarm. A few nights before another incendiary fire occurred in the stable of R. B. Paxton.

—In Nicholas county there are only ten negro voters. While negro voters are not so particularly desirable, yet it is not a very good sign for a county to be so utterly devoid of negroes as Nicholas. Wherever white people are found in the South who are of the true southern type—that is good livers and of agreeable manners—it is almost certain that the negro will be attracted there and will make the pride of the white people his pride, and become a part and parcel of their lives. No man is more fortunate than he who has some faithful black attendee who would follow him to any end. The fidelity of the black man is something all but perfect and of itself, for it can be likened to no other form of servitude.

—The fishing party composed of Staunton gentlemen among whom was Capt. Bumgardner, passed a very pleasant time in Pocahontas. However the authorities in Bath were “onto” them and had a guard waiting their arrival at the State line. They were compelled to turn back and go home by the Highland county route. The small-pox is especially feared in Bath because of the watering places of that county, the citizens knowing that one case would put an end to all the profits of the season. A newspaper in Staunton offers five dollars for the discovery of a case there, thereby proving in a negative way that no small-pox exists. When editors are thus lavish with their big money, it has weight. But say a man is from Staunton and you might as well kill him.

—The Rockingham papers are full of the Chesapeake & Western Railroad. An exact location for the Bridgewater depot has been decided upon. It is believed the cars will be at Dayton by the 4th of July, and at Bridgewater by the last of August. The work is thus progressing between Harrisonburg and Dayton very finely. It is also reported several car-loads of material have reached Harrisonburg for Messrs VanAiken & Hays, who have contracted for grading, bridging, and track-laying between Bridgewater and Harrisonburg. These are among the largest contractors in the United States. Their camp is two miles from Harrisonburg on the line, and they have a large force of hands at work and busy as a swarm of bees, and it looks as if they would push vigorously the work in hand. It is not seemly that large contractors would make a flourish over small jobs, if that was all in sight. Maj. Yost's Staunton Enterprise, in speaking of the same matter, report two handsome engines and ten car-loads of steel rails as already received. Grading is pushed east and west from Harrisonburg. One contractor has telegraphed for his entire equipment; one hundred and twenty-five mules, carts, etc., etc.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Hon. Chas. Curry and Col. R. S. Turk, passed from Addison towards their homes in Staunton. They were not so certain that they would be allowed to pass the strict quarantine in force in Bath county.

Attorney N. C. McNeil is summing at the Addison Salt Sulphur Springs.

Mr. Lee McLaughlin, of Lewisburg, was in town last week.

Rev. H. W. McLaughlin and Miss Maggie Patterson drove down from Huntersville for the day, last Friday.

W. A. Friel, of Huntersville, was in town on Saturday. He is contemplating establishing a bank here from Marlinton to the Hot Springs.

Mrs. E. A. Smith has returned from Pennsylvania.

HUNTERSVILLE Mrs. Ida Patterson and Miss Bosie Patterson, of Glade Hill visited Huntersville last Thursday. They report a nice and successful festival under the auspices of the Duimore Ladies' Mission Band Wednesday night.

Rev. H. W. McLaughlin preached a series of earnest and timely sermons in Huntersville last week.

Dr. Campbell, dental surgeon, spent four days in Huntersville, and seemed busily employed during his stay.

Mr. J. Chidester, of Buckhannon, accompanied by his wife, daughter, and Miss Fisher, passed through Huntersville Monday on their return from the White Sulphur where some time was spent. The journey to and from the Springs was leisurely made by private conveyance, and the excursion was simply delightful.

Dr. Harry Beard is much pleased with his situation in Lewisburg as assistant to Dr. S. C. Beard.

Mr. J. H. Patterson spent Saturday night in Huntersville visiting Dr. Patterson.

CHURCH NOTES.

A FEW years ago the editor of a great London newspaper was traveling in the Highlands of Scotland, on a Sunday, and came upon an open-air all-day meeting. He was so much struck with the scene that he wrote it up, describing with wonderful correctness what the people in Pocahontas know as a “basket meeting.” Last Sunday it was the writer's pleasure to attend a meeting of this kind at Bethel Church at Buckeye. Every year the President of the M. P. Conference is met at this place with a vast concourse of people who gather to attend the service. This year the service was held in the church, which is a commodious structure, but which hardly accommodated the ladies of the congregation. About the windows and doors were grouped men and women, while there were hundreds who could not come near enough to hear the sermon. The church authorities, another year, will arrange to seat the people under the trees of the grove, as was done formerly. The sermons by Rev. J. E. Wilson were very impressive, and his remarks on the evils of intemperance appealed strongly to the reason and feelings of the audience. At the end of the morning service, the hospitable people of Swago spread the contents of their baskets under the trees, and every one there was given a welcome and treated to a delightful luncheon. A rain coming up was endured with very good grace, for all of us people are farmers on week days, and rain is what we had been hoping and praying for. In the afternoon services were resumed. The rain coming on again, all who did not have shelter went home. These meetings are annual events, and many persons have not missed attending the “Buckeye Presidential Meeting” in ten years.

A SERIES of meetings have been in progress at Huntersville conducted by Revs. Price, Echols, McLaughlin, and Lacy.

Sacramental services at Marlinton next Sabbath at 11 a. m. Preaching Saturday night before. The ministerial assistance of Rev. Dr. Sydenstricker is promised.

Joel M. Harris Dead.

Mr. Joel M. Harris, attorney, and Mayor of the town of Lewisburg, died at his home in Lewisburg last week. A short time since an operation was performed to relieve him of that dire disease, appendicitis, at the White Sulphur. Great hopes were entertained of his recovery by his friends. On last Friday he died. A more popular young man or one who had prospects of a brighter future could not have been found in the whole State. A son of that eminent lawyer Maj. John W. Harris, he had been bred in the law, and was destined, had he lived, to excel in his profession. He was a man whom anyone would have been proud to know. Much sympathy is felt for his family and friends who have suffered a terrible loss in his death.

For Our School Teachers.

SUE, W. VA. June, 17 1895.

To the Editor of The Times: Being a school teacher myself and having had a considerable experience in the business of school teaching, I would like to say something through the columns of the TIMES, to the teachers of Pocahontas county.

Do any of the teachers think of the responsibility resting upon them, and that more than likely the character of a life depends upon their teaching? I think they do, and I think they feel this responsibility. Yet after they have labored unceasingly through their schools, how many patrons of our free schools will say that the teachers have done the best they could? Very few. Let a young teacher in his first school make a mistake, and see where he will “land” “out of the school-house at any rate.” There is no excuse for him among the patrons and “less” among the trustees. If the trustees do not dismiss the teacher, they will not visit his school to see how he is getting along with his school, or even make any suggestions that might make his school a success. (I do not mean any trustees that visit the schools under their charge, but those who do not are the ones to pull the shoe on.) One, yes, two trustees told me they never visited their school last year, and that the teacher was “no good,” and kept no order in his school. Whose fault was it? The trustees receive no pay for their services, and won't visit the school, the greatest boon to civilization and enlightenment on earth, yet they want the teachers to do all the drudgery belonging to the school-house besides teaching.

One trustee said to me in these words “You will have to build the fires and sweep the house in addition to teaching, because we do not think it necessary to pay for it and it is part of your duty to do so.”

I at once refused the school, and hope that every other teacher in the county will do so too.

(Read Section 32 of chapter 66 of the school law, Acts 1887.) The same trustee, also said, “Your studying is done, you have nothing else to do.” If any teacher in the county is done studying, he should leave the school-house forever.

I know every teacher will agree with me, that the teachers are compelled to study almost all the time in school and out of school. So let every teacher do his duty to the very best of his ability; teach all he can, and try to make a success of himself in his school, and among his scholars, and if the trustees fail to visit him, he can ask them if they have done their duty as they have sworn to do; and above everything else except teaching, let him keep good order in his school, regardless of what anybody else thinks, says, or does.

There is nothing more honorable and more ennobling than school teaching. Therefore all the experienced teachers should help the unexperienced ones to climb up the ladder of fame until they reach the top, for there is plenty of room at the top, and none at the bottom of the ladder.

I would like to hear from every school teacher through the TIMES. Relate some of your experience in teaching. I believe it would be beneficial to all the teachers, schools, and to the patrons of the schools.

Hoping to hear from a goodly number of my fellow teachers, I am very respectfully, Esaw.

An Interesting Book.

The editor of this paper takes great pleasure in recommending to the citizens of this county, Miss Rose W. Frye's latest work, “The Recollections of the Rev. John McElhenney, D. D.” It is a work which appeals to those interested in the early life in Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties, and the author has compiled much valuable historic matter in the recording the labors of this pioneer preacher. The influence of this good man in the formation of the high character of the people of this section cannot be too highly estimated. Orders received by Mrs. Anna L. Price, Marlinton, W. Va. [Pages 291; portrait. Cloth, \$1.50.]

Claims the Reward.

James Gibson, Jr., added another big bear to his long list last Sunday morning. He has been ranging sheep on the Wilson place near Big Spring and a bear has been very destructive to the sheep. Last Saturday night he took his pack of hands to the place and during the night treed the bear. Waiting until daylight it was shot and the neighborhood rid of a great pest. He claims the reward offered in another column for sheep thieves. There is still another bear in the mountains and he is laying plans to capture him.

Gigging.

Lately, hardly a night comes but what a party of men and boys are out in fishing waters with torches and gigs. The catches vary from almost nothing to forty or fifty pounds of fish a night. The town boys make up balls of cotton batting with wire and let them soak for a day or so in coal-oil. When night comes they pick each one up with a kind of spit, take coal-oil in a can, and their gigs, light their torches, and taking to the water—wade abreast up stream. Cursed be he who would try to keep a pace ahead of his comrades to get the first stroke at a fish. The coal-oil torches give good light, but not so good as the pine torches that country boys formerly made, and which are less expensive. But the pine is not easily obtained.

If the water is low and clear, it is considered very good sport. The glare of the torches throws a peculiar light on the water. The eye soon becomes expert in detecting fish lying on the bed of the river. The fish seem blinded and dazed and allow the men to come up to them. Then the discoverer has the right to strike. It takes a sure hand, for the moment the blow falls the fish darts away, unless it is pinned to the ground by the gig.

A member of the party who misses fish is apt to fall into great disfavor. This sport takes every variety of fish in the waters, from the measly horny-head to the bass. The sucker is the fish that is mostly met with. Occasionally an eel is seen, but unless both hands are used, the weapon usually glances harmlessly from its tough hide, and it glides away. When an eel is seen in these waters it is almost sure to be a gigantic one. Among the prizes are the cat-fish, and, when any are captured, they are generally the biggest of the lot. There is always a possibility of meeting with some of the old, historic cat-fish that legend says “lurk in every hole. Within two miles of this town there are said to be four cat-fish each one of which is not less than four feet long, and one down near Droop that will not come under six feet. A few bass are captured every night. They do not lie on the bottom but swim in the water about half-way down. When running from the party it is no unusual thing for bass to run ashore some eight or ten feet, and be picked up and bagged.

The gigger captures other things which are not considered desirable. A muskrat, very commonly goes crazy with the sudden light, and comes swimming and diving among the men. They push at it with their gigs and kill it for luck. Mud-turtles are generally secured and carried home by some one who “eats 'em.”

The fish of ill-omen if a kind of a lizard called the dog-fish, which somewhat resembles a cat-fish. When many of these are to be found, the fishers had as well go home, for it is a fact established as old as the custom of gigging that when these pests are out that there will be no desirable fish in those waters. So they are particularly hated and foully dealt with.

The party generally fishes for several hours, wading in that time perhaps several miles. At first they mean to be wet up only to knees, but as the best fish are in the pools, and the water here is so clear that they can be seen at a depth of six feet, the wader goes in inch by inch the chilly water creeping up his form until he thinks he will wade no deeper. Just at this time he usually steps from an offset, and as likely as not drops his torch in the water, and comes up extinguished. If one of the party gets tired late in the night and wants to come home, it is slow death to wait until the majority decide to go—and that is the worst about gigging. The best is getting home to bed again cold and sleepy and very tired.

A \$1.00 BOOK FOR 25 CENTS.

THE GREAT WAR SERIES.

SHENANDOAH.

A Story of Sheridan's Great Ride.

By J. P. TRACY.

This is one of the most fascinating stories ever emanating from the pen of an American author, and is hailed with delight by all who have read it. It is rapidly becoming very popular and is creating a furor wherever introduced. It is a love story pure and simple—founded on the great achievements of Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley during the late civil war, and the descriptions of the Battle of Winchester and of Sheridan's Great Ride are here given as seen by an eye-witness. This is truly a wonderful book. The next number is still better, and more good things are to follow. All old soldiers, their wives and children will read this great book and enjoy it. The book contains 224 pages, printed on fine paper, handsomely illustrated, and bound in illuminated cover. Published by the Novelist Publishing Co., 61 Beekman St., New York City, and sold throughout the United States and Canada for the low price of 25 cents. All news-dealers handle it.

Unlucky Day.

And Sunday it rained. But on that day several other accidents of more or less serious nature occurred.

Rev. J. Wilson, while returning from the meeting at Buckeye, broke the front wheel of his carriage, and was much inconvenienced thereby.

Jim Smith had driven his sister to church. At noon he drove out to feed his horse. A lively shout got under the feet of his horse, a spirited animal. The horse shied and smashed up the buggy against the house.

Mrs. Boyd Bartlett had a severe fall from a wagon at Buckeye, Sunday, falling at the heels of a strange horse.

Mrs. Bob Miller had started for Williams River. Her horse became unmanageable and threw her; she sustained a serious injury, having an arm broken between the wrist and elbow and otherwise badly bruised. She was carrying a child, and it is thought that in shielding it that her arm was broken. John Perry was with her and helped her to return. The accident happened near Lucas Moore's, at the Meadows. She rode back as far as the Meadows and from thence walked as the arm was too painful to bear the motion of the horse. The child was unhurt.

Thieving in Randolph.

Some miscreant stole Mr. A. W. Phillips' plow clevis and singletree. —Tygart's Valley News.

Ginger-floore.

On the 26th of June a very pleasant society event occurred on Brown's Creek, near Huntersville, at the residence of Mr and Mrs C. L. Moore, when Mr George W. Ginger and Miss Knowlie Moore were married, W. T. Price being the officiating minister.

The bridesmaids were Misses Birdie Dilley, Lula Moore, and Maggie Moore, attended by Messrs H. Lee White, Ellis Dilley, and Gilbert Sharp.

The bride was attired in cream-colored cashmere trimmed in silk and lace, and decorated with white ribbon. The attending ladies were similarly attired, and the appearance on the floor was very engaging.

A bountiful dinner was served, participated in by seventy or more guests composed mainly of relatives and nearest neighbors.

Late in the afternoon the bridal party started for Marlinton, where they were entertained at the Pocahontas House. Mr and Mrs Ginger will spend some time at the Webster Springs.

The last really sick small pox patient, a white woman, died in the hospital at Staunton on Friday. About forty remain, all of whom are well enough to be up. The disease has now completely run its course. From first to last there have been about 115 cases. The death rate has been about 10 per cent. For nearly seven weeks the town has been isolated, but now business and travel are nearly normal.

Public Sale, Personal Property.

I will offer at public sale, for cash, on July 30, 1895, at my home two miles from Huntersville on Beaver Creek my Household and Kitchen Furniture, one Single Buggy and Harness, ten Peeling Axes, four Chopping Axes, two Sledges, two Cross-Cut Saws.

GUS KRITZER, Hinton, W. Va.

Some of the farmers have worked their corn for the last time and “laid it by,” to use a local term, for the season.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

There is no truer saying than the above, but to name the causes of all success is impossible. Many fail at the same occupation another will take up and succeed. Who can explain?

A case in point is the very great success and increasing sale of Lightning Hot Drops. It is the management of the business, the advertising of Lightning Hot Drops or the great merit of Lightning Hot Drops that makes it the only household and all-around in the thousands of American homes?

It is an acknowledged fact that Lightning Hot Drops is the best remedy known for all the summer ills due to bad or change of water and diet and diarrhoea. It is a necessity in the traveler's grip and trunk. Not only does it act as above stated, but it cures all kinds of pains, flesh wounds, bruises, bites of insects, scratches, etc., and it is so very pleasant to take, and has such a delicate odor that one does not realize that he is taking a medicine. If you never used Lightning Hot Drops ask your druggist about its merits and the many friends it has. To use it is to praise.

Now, what in your opinion is the cause of the success and large sale of Lightning Hot Drops?

Your answer will be appreciated by Herb Medicine Company, Springfield, Ohio.

FIDUCIARY NOTICE.—The accounts of Ulrich Hevener, Adm'r. of David McLaughlin dec'd., are before the undersigned Commissioner of accounts for Pocahontas county for settlement.

J. H. PATRICKSON, Commissioner of acc'ts.

June 21 '95.—21.